Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

FRIENDSHIPS IN THE NAVY.

A Long Cruise a Severe Test of the Social Qualities of Shipmates.

When you ask anyone of the twelve hundred commissioned officers of the navy if he knows this or that brother officer, the reply is likely to be yes, with a qualification. "I met him in the Mediterranean ten years ago and once since at the New York navy yard," may be the answer, or "We were shipmates on the Asiatic station, and afterward met at Montevideo," or "He was in my class at the academy, but we didn't hitch, and I've seen him only twice since we received our commissions."

There are warm friendships in the navy, as elsewhere, and friends sometimes have the luck to serve together on two long cruises in the course of ten years, but classmates at the academy seldom see as much of one another in their whole subsequent careers as they did during their pupilage. Some of the warmest friendships are between men in different arms of the service and of different ranks, but friendships are likely to originate, if at all, in the great body of lieutenants, junior and senior. When a man passes out of the ward-room to the cabin he is lost to his old companions of lower rank, and the higher a man rises the fewer his friends in the service. An executive officer, if of the right stamp, is likely to make and keep friends. He can make the ward-room unpleasant, if he is of surly temper, and he can bring comfort to every one of twenty subordinates if he have a genial, kindly nature.

When a man has been fifteen years in the service he is likely to be known by reputation to a majority of the whole body of commissioned officers. He has done, in that time, between sea and shore duty, the equivalent of three full cruises, and perhaps a little more. He has served in immediate personal contact with fully one hundred fellow officers, and he has met, casually and otherwise, perhaps twice as many more. If he be a man of marked peculiarities his fame rapidly travels throughout the navy. The best whist players are known as such in many ward-rooms. The man of general information has the reputation of an encyclopedia wherever the ships of the navy go. The man of dangerous temper is advertised even more widely than the pleasant man. One officer, now of high rank, is so dreaded throughout the service that men hear with genuine uneasiness of his assignment to the ship on which they serve. Some such men are as effectually marked as though they wore a placard labeled "Beware the dog." The nagging executive officer and the nervous captain are objects of peculiar detestation.

Perhaps an officer is valued by his fellows above all things for the qualities that give him the reputation of being a good shipmate. Brilliancy, courage, industry and faithfulness to duty are all admired, and the man with a notable record for any of these things is an object of generous pride to his fellows, but he is not loved as is the good shipmate. The latter must be a man of patience, reticence, self-control and good temper. He need not be lacking in self-assertion or well-knit character, but he must, above all things, have savoir faire, and he must be as fer as possible from a bore.

Such a man goes from ship to ship heralded with congratulations from those he is leaving to those about to be blessed with his genial presence. The man that carries such a reputation from one ship to another after a three years' cruise must, however, be in some degree angelic. A long cruise is the grave of many friendships. It tests temper and breeding as only marriage can in the case of ordinary mortals. The daily attritions of a business office are sufficiently trying, but they cease once a day for at least twelve hours, and once a week for thirty-six hours, while those of the ward room take only short respites. It is fortunate that the exigencies and accidents of the service seldom leave the personnel of the ward room altogether unchanged for a full three-years' cruise. The new man that comes in, if he bring the right reputation, is as welcome as a well in the desert.

There are many odd reputations throughout the navy. Some men are famous as dandies; a few as beauties. One is known as concealing unusual energy of character beneath a peculiarly-listless exterior. A few have the perilous repute of being good story tellers. One marine officer is said to be able to give shrewd advice as to shopping in all the maritime capitals of the world. One line officer of high repute in a peculiar specialty is known in half a dozen ward rooms as a man whose temperament lays him open to chaff. The bores are chalked in large letters, and suppressed in the first month of their joining any ward room. These poor fellows are even more dreaded ashore than aboard ship, and an officer celebrated for his coolness in all social circumstances won the good will of his shipmates by a peremptory refusal to be accompanied in a short shore leave by a gentleman of tedious reputation. No great playwright has pictured the virtues and frailties of the little world enclosed in the sides of every man-of-war, but the human comedy that goes on there would have high dramatic value had it the feminine element; but then the presence of women might transform the whole scene.—N. Y. Sun.

Decisive Step.

"We can't go on like this forever!" exclaimed the young man, deeply agitated.

"We can not!" said the young woman, equally moved.

"We may as well shake hands and—and——"

"We'll have to shake about twenty-five of them," rejoined the younger member of the manufacturing firm, recovering herself. "We are losing money every day."

And with businesslike promptness she sat down to the typewriter and proceeded to rattle off a letter to the foreman.—Chicago Tribune.

Advice Needed.

"Mamma," said Frances, who is just seven years of age, "I want to ask your advice."

"What about, love?"

"What do you think I had better do after I get through school and while I am waiting to be married?"—Judge.

Private Brown.

By Captain Jack Crawford.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The proceedings of a court-martial are always tedious, and the details in the case of Private Brown will not be here given. Every whit of available evidence was produced both by the prosecution and defense, the lieutenant's words to Brown were testified to by the stable attaches who heard them, and the accused was permitted to make a statement of the affair. His manly bearing and straight-forward testimony, coupled with his eloquent speech and gentlemanly attitude throughout the trial, made a great impression on the judges, and won for him many an approving glance from the dignified officers who composed the court. Capt. Colby was summoned to testify to the previous character of the accused, and he grew almost eloquent in his commendation of Brown's soldierly conduct since he joined the troop.

The findings of the court-martial were duly made out, and sent to the commander of the post for his approval. Brown was found guilty of striking an officer, there was reference to aggravating circumstances, and his punishment was fixed at thirty days' confinement in the post guard house.

That love of justice, which was a marked characteristic of Col. Sanford's nature, asserted itself while he had the findings of the court under consideration. It is true that some outside influences had been at work, but it must not be assumed that they could sway the stern old man in the enforcement of his strict ideas of military discipline. Capt. Colby had taken the liberty to tell of the faithful service of the private soldier, and several officers of the post had freely aired their views of Brown's action in the colonel's presence, and Alice, after speaking of Vandever's attitude toward herself and of the views she had heard him express regarding the men of the ranks, so warmly approved the punishment that the lieutenant had received that the commander gave the matter a great deal of thought. He had not by any means forgotten Vandever's treatment of old Sergt. Barrett, and when at last the findings of the court-martial were published, they bore this indorsement over the signature of the post commander:

"The findings and sentence of the special court-martial in the case of Private Richard Brown, B troop, Sixth cavalry, charged with committing an assault on the person of Second Lieutenant Alfred Talbot Vandever, B troop, Sixth cavalry, are approved. In consideration of the aggravating provocation which led to the assault and of the blameless previous record as a soldier of said Private Richard Brown, twenty-nine days of the sentence are hereby revoked, and after one day's confinement in the post guardhouse said Private Richard Brown will be released and will report to the commander of his troop for duty."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Brown was released from confinement he went at once to his quarters, and was accorded a warm welcome by his comrades. He took a bath and changed his clothing, for the guard houses of frontier military posts are not noted for cleanliness, and then went to report for duty to his troop commander. Capt. and Mrs. Colby were sitting on the porch of their quarters when he came up, and respectfully saluting the captain and removing his cap he said:

"I am instructed, sir, to report to you for duty."

"I am glad of it, Brown," the captain replied. "I am gratified that the result of your rash act has not proved so serious as I had feared. I know that you will kindly receive some advice from me, for I assure you I feel a more than ordinary interest in your welfare."

"Shall I retire, captain?" asked Mrs. Colby.

"No, my dear, I wish you to remain. I am not going to reprove Private Brown very severely, nor in the least humiliate him. I just wish to say this, Brown. You are not an ordinary soldier. Your demeanor, your language, your every act indicates that through some chain of circumstances, which I shall not inquire into, you are placed in a position far beneath the station in life in which you are fitted by education and training to hold an honored place. You no doubt at times deeply feel the chains of servitude which bind you, and unpleasant experiences which an ordinary soldier would accept as a matter of course, awake in your sensitive nature a spirit of resentment. I think I understand and I believe I can fully appreciate your feelings in the recent trouble you had with a superior officer. Your sense of manhood revolted at the unwarranted abuse heaped upon you, and in your rage you lost sight of your army rank and assaulted him. That was very unwise. The men at the stables were witnesses to your altercation with Lieut. Vandever, and would have testified to that officer's action toward you in an official inquiry, and had you quietly submitted to his treatment and reported the matter to myself as your troop commander, a thorough investigation would have followed, and full justice would have been done you. I have but this advice to offer you, Brown. While you remain in the ranks you must never lose sight of your position, and must submit to annoyances which you would resent in civil life. Always keep in mind the fact that the humblest private in the ranks has rights which his officers are bound to respect, and that redress for his wrongs is provided for by the rules and regulations governing military discipline. This cloud upon the face of your most excellent record as a soldier is not ineffaceable, and you can soon be in as good standing as you were before the unfortunate occurrence."

Brown listened attentively to the kind words of the captain, and quietly replied:

"I thank you, sir, for the words you have spoken, and I deeply appreciate the spirit in which the advice is given. I assured you when you so kindly visited me in the guard house that I deeply regretted my assault upon Lieut. Vandever, and I now repeat it, sir, that I am sincerely sorry I did not bridle my temper and seek for redress through the proper channels."

The captain regarded the young soldier attentively for a moment, and said:

"If asked to do so, Brown, would you go to Lieut. Vandever and offer him an apology for striking him?"

Brown's face flushed and a look of manly independence shot from his eyes; but, before he could reply, Mrs. Colby, with marked emphasis, exclaimed:

"Indeed, he would *not*, Capt. Colby. This man is a—"

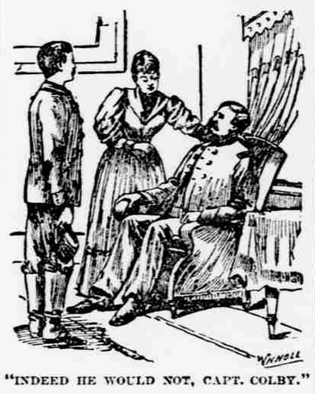
"There, there, my dear. I was just testing the young man's mettle, and his eyes have answered me," the officer interrupted with a knowing smile. "I had no thought of asking him to humiliate himself to a man who certainly wronged him. The testimony given at the court-martial showed conclusively that Lieut. Vandever's action toward him was unwarranted, every officer in the garrison knows it was unwarranted, and the action of the commanding officer when reviewing the findings and sentence was a rebuke to the lieutenant which I sincerely hope he may profit by. You will report for duty to your first sergeant, Brown, and I trust that no similar trouble may ever again come into your army life."

The young soldier saluted and was about to retire when Mrs. Colby said:

"I have been informed that you are an artist, Brown."

"Yes, madam, but a very ordinary one. A much poorer one than I hope to be some day when again given facilities to follow an art which I dearly love."

"I have a painting in my parlor which I would like to show you. It was a gift from my mother on my wedding day, and I prize it very highly.



"INDEED HE WOULD NOT, CAPT. COLBY."

Would you mind looking at it? You will excuse us a few moments, captain?"

"Certainly, my dear. I must go to headquarters and attend to some business that demands my attention."

Brown followed the good lady into the house, and the painting was pointed out to him. He stood gazing upon it in rapt admiration, his eyes glowing with pleasure as they drank in every detail of light and shade and bold coloring.

"Bierdstadt?"

"How did you know?" she asked. "His name does not appear on the picture."

"No one acquainted with his bold touch and happy conceptions could ever mistake the work of that master hand," he replied. "There is an individuality clinging to his pictures which proclaims their authorship as plainly as if his name appeared with glowing distinctness on the margin of the canvas."

The painting was one of those bold mountain conceptions for which Bierdstadt was famous. A great rocky gulch rent the breast of the mountain chain, the sides of the yawning chasm and the surrounding face of the mountain bristling with pines and studded with bowlders. The morning sun was just peeping over a crag to the eastward, bathing the rugged face of nature in mellow, golden light. On the brink of the precipitous wall on one side of the canyon stood a lordly elk with head erect and nostrils distended gazing across the great chasm to where, on the opposite brink, stood a mountain sheep in the same startled attitude. The animals seemed to have discovered each other at the same moment, and their pose, the rising sun and the soft blush of color which surrounded all confirmed the appropriateness of the title of the picture, "A Morning Surprise."

In words of eloquence the young soldier traced the artistic beauties of the rare work of art, and Mrs. Colby listened in admiration of the intelligence of the man in whom she felt such great interest, but whose voice she had never before heard. As he went on and on, dilating upon this point and that, comparing the work of Bierdstadt with that of other famous artists, every doubt of the truth of the story told her by Alice Sanford faded from Mrs. Colby's mind, and in her eyes the young man became a hero. It must be remembered that Brown was ignorant of the fact that she was in possession of his story, and in the midst of an eloquent speech his position as a private soldier flashed upon him, and in an embarrassed manner he said:

"I beg your pardon, madam. In my pleasure at being permitted to view this beautiful work of art I quite forgot myself, and I fear I have tired you. With your permission I will retire."

"O, no, you must not. I assure you your criticism of the picture greatly interests me, and your praises of its beauty gratify me more than I can tell you. Please be seated, for I love to hear you discuss art and artists."

She motioned him to a chair, and for an hour they sat in interested conversation. Mrs. Colby was, unknown to him, sounding the young soldier to the depths, and with womanly tact she drew from him bit by bit little touches of coloring from his early life, and by her ease of manner and gracious demeanor so impressed him that he again lost sight of his humble rank and conversed with her as he would with a lady in the parlors of society in the east. She was a woman of finished education, one who had seen much of the world, and as she led him on and on from topic to topic, her wonder grew at his intelligence and fine conversational powers.

CHAPTER IX.

Brown walked to his quarters with a light heart. With the one exception of Alice Sanford this had been his first conversation with a woman since his enlistment, and to him it seemed as a slight raising of the veil to afford him a glimpse of the social life which would again be his when his term of service should have expired. The flood of sunshine his acquaintance with Alice had cast into his distasteful soldier life was multiplied and intensified by the attentions shown him by Mrs. Colby, and it all came to him as the first rift in the cloud of servitude which must one day melt into the horizon and disappear from the sky of his life. The lady's kind parting words: "I hope to meet you often, Mr. Brown," were yet ringing in his ears when the first sergeant of his troop grasped his hand and warmly welcomed him back to duty.

But an hour after Brown left the Colby quarters Alice Sanford entered, and was met by Mrs. Colby with a radiant face.

"I have met your hero, my dear girl," she said. "I not only met him, but had a long conversation with him in this very room."

"O, did you, Mrs. Colby? And may I ask what you think of him?"

"He is a very fine appearing young man, and looks to be a model soldier," she quietly answered.

"O, bother the soldier! Leaving Private Brown clear out of the question, how did Mr. Edward Thornton impress you? Isn't he nice?"

"I will tell you, my dear, frankly what I think of him. He came here to report to Capt. Colby for duty, and I asked him in to give me an artist's view of my Bierdstadt picture which you so much admire. From the discussion of art I led him into other fields, and I was really astonished at the wide range of his information. Putting Private Brown out of the question, as you suggested, dear, I found Mr. Thornton a perfect gentleman, courteous and polished in demeanor, highly educated, a fascinating conversationalist, a brainy man of refined tastes—in short, were he to be to-day raised to his proper sphere in life I know of nothing that should prevent me from welcoming him to my home and presenting him to my friends as a gentleman well worthy their acquaintance and esteem."

"O, thank you, Mrs. Colby. I am so glad you met and like him, for your friendship will greatly lighten the load the poor boy has to bear. And you think he is entirely worthy of my friendship?"

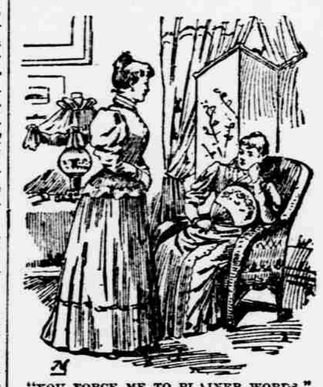
"Mr. Thornton would be, yes. But, Alice, dear, indeed you must not allow your sympathies for him to blind your eyes to his rank in our military world. You should look upon Private Brown *as* Private Brown, and not what Private Brown should be or might be."

"Oh, I *hate* that barrier of rank!" cried Alice, impulsively. "Mrs. Colby, we are as God made us, and rank or dress cannot change our natures. Is not Mr. Thornton as much an honorable man in the garb of a private soldier as he would be in the elegant dress of a society gentleman? Is not his soul as pure while serving as a soldier as it would be had he never strayed from the path of life in which he belongs? Have his refined instincts and noble traits of character been stunted or destroyed by his enlistment?"

"My dear child, there are rules of military etiquette and discipline which we, as members of the military world, should sacredly regard. In military society, as in military discipline, the lines must be sharply drawn. The men of the ranks must be taught to feel that the plane they occupy is beneath the level of those in official life, else there would be no respect for authority and military rules would be but dead letters. While Edward Thornton chooses to fill the shoes of Private Richard Brown he must have no aspirations above the sphere of the private soldier and must not endeavor to step over the line of social distinction. When his term of service shall have expired and he again takes his place in the ranks of civil life—well, that may be a different matter, my dear."

"Then, as you reason, Mrs. Colby, when a jewel falls from its setting into the mud no one must stoop to pick it up, yet that same jewel in its proper surroundings would assume its full value in anyone's eyes. In other words, while Private Brown may be an honorable, upright man, our equal in birth, education and manly instincts, we must not recognize him while he is in the ranks, yet were he to be to-day freed from the service fetters we could extend to him the hand of friendship, and welcome him as an equal into our social circles. The gem loses its value when it falls from its setting into the gutter. Is not your argument a little shaky, Mrs. Colby?"

"Alice, my dear child, you force me to plainer words, and I must talk to you as if I were your own mother. In my conversation with Brown to-day I several times mentioned your name, and when I did so I could read him as an open book. Every time your name fell from my lips a new light came into his eyes, his face glowed with increased



"YOU FORCE ME TO PLAINER WORDS."

animation, and at one time an unmistakable sigh which he vainly endeavored to suppress caught my attention. Alice, that man is desperately in love with you, and your tell-tale eyes while conversing of him too plainly indicate that there is a growing feeling in your young heart far stronger than one of friendship and sympathy for this soldier. My dear child, answer me truly, are you not falling in love with this man in the ranks?"

The face of the young girl was red with blushes, and she threw her head down into the lap of her motherly friend to hide her confusion. Mrs. Colby stroked her hair tenderly, and a smile of intermingled sadness and sympathy lit up her face. After a few moments Alice partly regained her composure, and raising her head she looked with trusting confidence into her friend's eyes and replied:

"I—I—don't know, Mrs. Colby. Mr. Thornton impresses me as no gentleman ever before did. I have seen so few gentlemen, you know. He is so gentle, so kind in nature, so manly and so heroic in bearing the load placed upon his shoulders that I—that I—think—a—great—deal—of—him—perhaps."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

Some Inside Facts on the Financial Situation.

The speech made by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Curtis at the recent dinner of the Democratic club is the most important utterance on the subject of the recent bond issue that has come from anyone having the right to speak for the administration. Mr. Curtis' authority to do so is unquestioned by all who know his relations to the various efforts that have been made by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle to protect the public credit, notwithstanding the refusal of congress to perform its plain duty. Mr. Curtis' assurance that the treasury was compelled to accept the terms of the syndicate which represented the foreign bankers must be taken as conclusive of the condition of mind in which the Washington authorities found themselves. Mr. Curtis is right in saying that the government was in the position of a bank on which a run was in progress, and the administration naturally desired to stop the run. As the Weekly said, in commenting on this loan, time was essential, and this consideration might easily have prevented the effecting of a loan in the open market. Moreover, gold exportations have been checked, at least for the time, and Mr. Curtis regards this fact as of the first importance, and as full of promise for the future safety of the treasury from the raids of the gold hunters. All true friends of the country will hope that Mr. Curtis' anticipations of good results to follow the bond issue will be realized, and that the drain of gold from abroad and for hoarding at home has ceased.

At the same time we must not shut our eyes to the facts of the situation. The greenbacks and the treasury notes still exist as a menace to the treasury gold whenever capitalists at home or abroad shall be frightened by the clamor of our silver and fiat money advocates who will be in power in the next senate, no matter what may be the complexion of the new house of representatives. These paper demand obligations will not be got rid of until the popular demand for their abolition grows to be as intense and clamorous as was the demand for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act. A remedy has been suggested that is more specious than sound. It is that the government tide over its difficulties until the revenues became greater than the expenditures. After that event shall happen, the secretary of the treasury may hold all the greenbacks and the notes of 1890 that come into his possession, thereby diminishing the amount of the instrumentalities available for drawing out his gold. This method would be slow and uncertain. Besides, there is no reason to believe that a surplus would not again tempt congress into extravagances that would once more compel the secretary to pay out his accumulation of paper. Not only is none but a thorough remedy to be thought of in dealing with our monetary difficulties, but no remedy can be thorough that is based on the presumption that congress will become wise and patriotic.

A good deal has been accomplished in this country by campaigns of education. Not only tariff reform, but civil service reform, and, within the memory of most of the men in public life, currency reforms have been brought about by the education of the people who elect congressmen every two years, and whose voice eventually finds an impressive lodgment in the dull ears of senators. The newspapers, with their constant arguments and appeals, did much to drive the inflation movement of twenty years ago out of the republican party, although at that time there was a sufficient number of senators who were capable of thoroughly debating financial questions to enormously aid the pressure from without. At present, what with the young men from the mining camps who have been made senators for the purpose of keeping up the price of silver at any cost to the credit of the country, and the politicians who are so afraid of the camps that they are hiding in the baleful shadow of international bimetallism, nearly all the work for sound money must be done in the newspapers, by clubs and their pamphlets and on the platform.

The new house of representatives is probably sounder on the money question than that which has just ended its inglorious existence. It is true that many republicans are unduly fond of the greenbacks, and that some from sound-money states voted with the populists, and fiat-money men to reject the contract under which the administration sought to save the country sixteen million dollars by offering a gold bond. But the reasoning of the great money centers is more likely to affect their minds than those of their democratic associates in folly. The condition of the senate was of course deplorable. Its ignorance, selfishness and lack of principle were phenomenal. There is no parliamentary body in the world, unless it may be found in some remote South American country, so little entitled to respect. Its mental and moral conditions are such as to create a doubt of the value of a century of parliamentary institutions. A financial debate in the senate must lead the stanchest American to wonder if those who make our laws have learned anything whatever from the experiences of mankind or from the history of their own race. And yet even the majority of the senate can be driven by fear, if it cannot be convinced by arguments addressed to the reason.

We are assured by competent authority that in the cities of the south sound-money ideas prevail. We know that they do prevail in New England, the middle states and westward to the Mississippi. It is probable that an active campaign would result in much good among the intelligent people of Minnesota, Iowa, Oregon and California, and that even Colorado, Kansas and Missouri are not hopeless. It is possible that the silver men would hold in 1896 only the new states, with Nevada, and that in 1898 they could not count on some of these. All this is based on the assumption that the friends of sound money will begin at once a campaign of education on the money question. The American people are neither fools nor dishonest. As Mr. Curtis said, their credit is supremely dear to them. The moment they are set to thinking in the right direction, that moment the result is nearly assured. The time is coming when every honest American will be profoundly grateful to Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle for the part they have played in this sad crisis, and will look back upon the speeches and votes of the majority of their congressmen with shame.—Harper's Weekly.

THE GOOD DONE.

Wherein the Late Congress Is Entitled to Credit.

One good law of prime importance is as much as any ordinary congress succeeds in placing to its credit. The first two or three congresses, and perhaps as many more during the epoch of the civil war, undoubtedly accomplished more under the urgency and spur of the times when they were sitting, but most congresses have done less.

The congress which has just passed from the stage has surpassed the average. It has enacted at least one law of prime importance—the new tariff law. While it did not make so much progress in the direction of free trade in framing this law as had been expected by most people, yet it did make decided progress. It made a distinct departure from the protective policy which had prevailed for thirty-three years. During all those years there had been almost uninterrupted progress from protection to higher and higher protection until the climax was reached in the McKinley act of 1890.

The late congress not only called a halt upon this movement, but it began a march backward toward commercial and industrial liberty, and it made a good advance for a first one. It put the country in motion toward freedom and the impulse which it gave will not be lost. That impulse may not seem to be operative for the time being, but visible results will be seen again as soon as the country begins to perceive the beneficial effects of the greater measure of freedom it now enjoys. Then the march will be resumed, not to cease until this is as least as free a country commercially as it was during the democratic days from 1857 to 1861.

If the late congress has done no other great thing it is at least entitled to credit for refusing to do many bad and doubtful things. Among the bad are the numerous grabs which at one time threatened to swell the appropriations for the next fiscal year to a total unequaled in the history of the country. Every grab of any great magnitude, with the exception of the sugar bounty only, was defeated during the closing hours of the session, and to the democratic house belongs the credit.

Among the doubtful measures which have fallen, for the time being at least, are the pooling bill, the Nicaragua canal bill, the Hawaiian cable appropriation and a number of more or less questionable measures of currency reform. These can wait.

For some things, such as voting the sugar bounty, refusing needed relief to the treasury and neglecting to pass the free ships bill, the late congress is not to be praised. But on the whole it has done more good and less harm than any other congress for very many years. Even those who now find nothing good to say of it will give it credit for its great work of setting in motion the car of practical tariff reform before many years have passed away.—Chicago Times-Herald.

COMING EVENTS.

Prospects of a Period of Rest from Political Agitation.

The adjournment of congress and the probability that there will be no extra session promise the country nine months of peace, so far, at least, as the uncertainties of legislation are concerned.

In regard to the tariff it may be assumed that there will be no disturbance for two years at least. President Cleveland would not sign any bill in the direction of McKinleyism, and after another year's operations of the existing tariff it is not likely that the republicans will venture to challenge a verdict in favor of higher taxes with a presidential election pending. There may be some "popgun bills" introduced at the next session of congress by zealous McKinleyites, but there will be no action to disturb business.

In regard to the currency the promise of stability is almost equally good. We can have no worse money than we have, nor any more of it. The debt statement for February 28 showed a gold reserve of $87,085,511, steadily increasing, and a net cash balance of $91,112,075. Treasury officials are confident of their ability to meet all obligations until July 1, when the proceeds of the income tax will put an end to the deficiency in revenue.

The political events of the year will be valuable as indices, but present conditions do not promise an exciting canvass. Elections for state officers will be held as follows: Rhode Island, April 3; on November 5, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia. These states represent every part of the country save the Pacific coast. If there were any grounds for a reaction against the republican party the fall elections would show it. But unfortunately neither the democratic administration nor the democratic congress has given us any hopeful basis for a fight, and the republicans have not yet had an opportunity to start the reaction. Unless the silver question shall cause a split from both the old parties the elections of 1895 bid fair to be very tame. The meeting of an international conference on silver would operate to postpone and, perhaps, prevent a political division on this issue.

The relief and the truce come at a good time. The country needs nothing so much as to "settle down to business."—N. Y. World.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——The unanimous confirmation of the nomination of William L. Wilson to be postmaster general in place of Wilson S. Bissell, resigned, was a deserved compliment as well as a graceful courtesy.—Kansas City Times.

——John Sherman thinks the secretary of the treasury should be held personally responsible for all the financial operations of the government. Mr. Sherman was once secretary of the treasury. Does he intend to plead the statute of limitations?—St. Louis Republic.

——The tariff war with Spain has ended as it should have done in the restoration of trade relations between this country and Cuba and Porto Rico. It was a tempest in a teapot anyway, and only served for a few days to draw idiotic drivel from the pens of republican editors.—Kansas City Times.

——Mr. Wilson is in the best sense a man of the people. He has strong confidence in the good sense and honesty of the people when thoroughly informed. He has a peculiarly wide and intimate acquaintance with the people in every part of the country, and he enjoys their sympathetic and admiring confidence.—N. Y. Times.

PITH AND POINT.

—She—"Don't talk nonsense! I'm an old woman now. Look at my wrinkles!" He—"Wrinkles? Why, they're only incrusted smiles!"

—Sayboy—"I want to make a match with Madge." Gayboy—"Why don't you do it?" Sayboy—"Her father says it takes money to start a match factory on his premises."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Plankington—"I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?" Von Bloomer—"You bet I have. He owns the property now."—Tit-Bits.

—Mrs. Houser—"There's a leak in the bathroom and I've got to send for a plumber." Houser—"For heaven's sake, send for one that's got a house of his own, or he'll take ours."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—"Do you think a girl ought to learn to cook before she gets married?" asked the practical man. "Yes," replied his dyspeptic friend, "Either that, or else she ought to be willing not to try."—Washington Star.

—"I saw De Castro, the magician, make a twenty-dollar gold piece disappear in three minutes." "That's nothing. You ought to see my wife with a twenty-dollar bill at a church bazaar."—Atlanta Journal.

—"Hit am er good t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "foh folks ter try ter be satisfy wif whut dey kin un'stan'. Ef dah wus less hypnotism goin' on an' mo baptism, dah wouldn't be so much trouble at the presen' time."—Washington Star.

—Posted.—Armory Core—"I suppose you know the formation on the second day at Gettysburg?" Garnicht (who has heard him tell the story one hundred and eight times)—"I ought to; that was where I was killed."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Madam Bleach has invented a complexion remedy that is going to bring an immense fortune to her." "Does it make one as fair as a lily in one application?" "Pooh! no; it makes you look as sunburned and freckled as if you'd been away for the whole summer."

—A Sufferer.—"Here's a feller," said Plodding Pete, who had been indulging in literature, "wot says dere's too much labor agitation in dis country." "Dat's wot dere is," replied Meandering Mike. "I suffers from it meself. Every time I think of labor it agitates me."—Washington Star.

—Fatty Woggs—"It's a terrible thing to be so fat." Thiny Goggs—"Eluci-date." Fatty Woggs—"Well, you see, I'm so big that I have to get off a street car backwards and the conductor often jerks me aboard and carries me two or three blocks past my street, thinking I am just trying to get on."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

UNCLE JIM'S PERPLEXITY.

Found His Room Lighted With a Bottle Tied to the End of a String.

Uncle Jim Hendricks, a Rockland county hermit, paid his first visit to the metropolis a few weeks ago as a witness in an important lawsuit. The parties who summoned him looked carefully after his welfare and secured him rooms in one of the finest hotels.

Though for years a recluse, the excitement induced by Uncle Jim's adventures was so great that he was persuaded to stop in at the village store on his way home and narrate them. Being asked what was the most wonderful thing he had seen, he said:

"Waal, I don't know 'bout its bein the most wonderful, but the curiosest thing I seen wuz a darn thing they put in my room to light it. Yer see, them fellers thot they'd play a smart trick on yer uncle, and what d'yer think they give me to light my room with?

"Haw! Haw! 'Twant nuthin more'n a leetle glass bottle tied on to the end of a string. Wall, inside of that 'ere little bottle wuz a couple of wires that looked ez though they were red-hot, tho' the bottle didn't het up a bit. How the wires ever got het up so I give it up. They didn't cool off all the evening, and when I cum to go to bed I jest says I'll pour some water out of that 'ere pitcher on 'em, so I kin go to sleep.

"But, b'gosh, couldn't find no hole in that ere bottle nowhere. Says to m'self: 'Guess I'll hev to smash the tarnal thing,' and wuz a-lookin' in the bed for a bed slat to do it with, when I says to myself: 'Guess I know a trick wuth two er that. I'll jest show them fellers they can't fool yer Uncle Jim.'

"So I jest takes the dressin' case and pushes it up under that ere thing, and I takes that bottle and puts it inside one uv the drawers and shets the drawer up. 'No flies to speak uv on yer Uncle Jim,' says I. Then I goes to bed. When I opens the drawer in the mornin' the darned thing had burned out."—N. Y. Herald.

A LONE LITTLE TRAVELER.

Pathetic Scene in Which a Pale Little Lad Figured.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully towards a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me, perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, he made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."—N. Y. Tribune.